

## **Showmanship by Aeryn-Inara**

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**Summary:** Post S2 finale - Steve just wanted to have a shower but after finding a naked Billy suddenly other ideas seemed more appealing. Sequel to Pretty Boy Perv but both can be read alone.

## Showmanship

It had been two weeks since his encounter with Billy in the library, two weeks of absolutely nothing.

Sure he still shouted insults as Steve walked passed, and humiliated him on the basketball court, but nothing had been said about what had happened between the two of them.

In fact his behaviour didn't alter in the slightest and Steve was starting to believe it had all been in his head.

Steve knew he should be relieved but he just felt confused, and kind of hurt.

He's not a queer, he's Steve Harrington for fuck's sake, and he hadn't been expecting the guy to show up at his door with flowers to ask him to go steady but he figured they would at least talk about it.

I mean the dude had just eye fucked him in the middle of the school library while throat fucking some chick. It's weird even by Hawkins standards, demo-dogs be damned.

Not to mention asking Steve to jack off and Steve actually doing it. Steve thought it had at least warranted an awkward conversation and maybe some threats, but nope, nothing.

Steve hated to admit but there was also a little part of him that was disappointed that Billy hadn't wanted to go further. To deliver on the promise his baby blues and sly grin had made.

The boy had made Steve a mess of sexual frustration and no matter how much Steve jerked off it just wasn't enough.

Steve had just got done with another round humiliation on the court and honestly wished he could blame Billy's mind fuckery, or maybe Jonathan and Nancy, even the upside down and demo-dogs for fuck's sake, but it was simply that Billy was better than him.

He was getting ready to head to the showers when he was called in to speak with the coach. He had known this conversation was coming

but it didn't make it any less daunting.

Luckily the coach seemed to think his relationship troubles were what had caused his top star's performance issues and had given him to the start of the season to get his shit together or he would be benched.

*"Now the question is, how to be better when I've been doing my best"*

Steve ran his hand through his sweat slicked hair in frustration, and it was then he realised he still hadn't showered.

Normally he would just forget it and head home but he was babysitting Dustin and the others tonight. Their rents would likely object to a slovenly busted up teen being responsible for their children. He needed to make an attempt for appearances sake.

Steve had gotten undressed and was walking towards what he assumed would be an empty locker room and vacant showers, but was greeted with the sight of a gloriously naked Billy Hargrove.

Steve hated that Billy was pretty much gorgeous no matter the situation, dressed down in just jeans and a tee, sweat soaked after practice, even beaten and bloody, but right now with the water cascading down his body he was fucking stunning.

At first Steve was just going to try and ignore the guy, walk in and head to the furthest shower then get the hell out of there. Billy clearly didn't want anything to do with him other than to make his life a misery and he wasn't up for another round of kick-the-Steve, but a wicked and absolutely degenerate idea stopped him in his tracks.

The blonde bad boy had had him tied up in knots of mental and sexual frustration for the last two weeks and Steve felt he deserved a little satisfaction.

Steve didn't want to risk another ass kicking by coming on to the guy in the shower. Also he wasn't a queer so it's not like he would be interested in anything even if Billy was.

Steve told himself he would be thinking about the encounter in the

library. Thinking about some girl on her knees sucking cock like a pro, Billy was just the reference since he was the one on the receiving end. However as soon as he began to touch himself the image completely slipped from mind and was replaced with images of piecing blue eyes and sly grins.

Steve moved himself into a better position in his obscured little corner of the locker room, one hand pressed against the wall and the other fondling his rapidly hardening dick, to watch the show Billy was unknowingly putting on for him.

Steve was captivated by the sensuality of the blonde's movements as he washed the soap from his body and hair, his muscles flexing with each motion, and choked down a moan as he saw Billy start to play with his nipples.

He felt his body flush with both shame and arousal as he started to try and mimic Billy's movements, rubbing and pinching his nipples into hard little peaks, hoping to recreating the feeling of connectedness he had felt in the library.

Steve wrapped his hand around his dick and stroked as he watched Billy slip a hand between his legs to stroke his growing erection.

Filthy and obscene moans fell from the blonde's lips as he pleased himself, one hand pumping his dick and the other switching between pinching and teasing his nipples and running blunt nails across his muscled chest.

The sounds alone were enough to unmake Steve, but he refused to let himself come. Not yet. Not when he had Billy was putting on such an utterly pornographic performance.

*"Jesus fuck! The guy could work in porn"*

Steve eventually couldn't hold out any longer. This time however he didn't flee before seeing the other boy fall apart.

Steve couldn't help but think Billy was even more stunning in the moment when he came. His hand gripping the shower pipe, head thrown back and back arched as ropes of cum spurted over his hand

and chest.

Steve took a moment to just stand there, eyes closed and panting, appreciating the feeling of the adrenaline rush easing as his orgasm faded.

"Enjoy the show Harrington"

Steve's eye's shot open. The post orgasmic calm gone and replaced with absolute terror.

*"I'm so dead... so, so dead"*

The naked blonde turned to the shocked brunette, smug sneer on his face as he trailed one teasingly across his broad chest.

"I know I'm gorgeous but this is the second time I've caught you perving on me. Am I really that irresistible, or you just one really sluty faggot?"

Steve snarled at the insult "Fuck you"

Billy just smirked "You wish"

If it was possible to die of embarrassment he would just drop dead. He had just been caught jerking it to Billy Hargrove, by Billy Hargrove, and this time there was no girl to use as an excuse. Maybe he wasn't as straight as he had always thought.

An overwhelming need to flee seized him. He needed to get out of there. He needed to get out of there now.

Before he could do more than just turn he was bracketed by strong muscled arms.

"Now where do you think your going Harrington."

Billy leaned into Steve's body, not an inch of his body touched Steve's but he could feel the heat radiating off him and it was making it difficult for Steve to think.

"Fair is fair or is the great king Steve shy. I wouldn't have thought it

with this peeping tom act you've got going."

Steve jolted at the insult, he refused to admit it that it might have actually been the sensation of Billy breath against his skin.

"Or is it a stamina issue? You can't get it up again Harrington? Did watching me get you so worked up you milked every last drop of cum from that pretty cock of yours?"

He may have come barely minutes before but Steve was already at half-mast. Billy's vulgar and humiliating comment making him hornier than any girl, or porno, ever had.

*"What the fuck is wrong with me? How the fuck am I getting turned on by this?"*

Billy's eyes flicked down to Steve's growing erection, a mocking smirk on his face, before looking up and running his tongue across his lips, making Steve weak at the knees at the obscenity of the action.

"I guess you're not as pathetic as I thought. Gonna continue to prove me wrong or run out of here like a little bitch?"

Steve couldn't resist the challenge. With a smirk he began squeezing and stroking his cock, never breaking eye contact with the other boy.

Billy was the first to break eye contact. His gaze lowering to Steve's hand, his tongue running across his lips.

Thoughts about what those lips and that tongue would feel like on his dick went through Steve's mind and he couldn't stop the moan that slipped from his lips.

"Bet that feels real good, doesn't it pretty boy. Bet you're imagining that it's my hand stroking that pretty little cock of yours"

Steve instinctively glared at the little comment, and Billy just laughed

"Okay, so maybe it's not that little"

Billy brought his mouth next to the older boy's ear.

"Not that it matters for a cockslut like you. All you want is a nice big fat cock to fill your holes"

Steve horrified at how turned on he was by the images Billy's words invoked.

"Isn't that right Harrington, you're a little cockslut aren't you?"

Steve was insanely close to coming again just from listening to Billy voice whispering those shameful ideas that Steve had never even considered until now.

His breathing was harsh and soft little mews and whines were falling from his lips as his eyes fluttered closed. He was so close.

Suddenly Steve's eyes shot opened as Billy yanked his hair, hard, arching his neck so that Steve was looking right at him.

"Not yet. Not until you say it. Come on Steve, you know you just want to be bent over and fucked like a whore."

Humiliation burned through Steve at Billy's words, not because of the vulgarity but because it was true. Steve wanted Billy to fuck him. He wanted it so bad in that moment but fear held back from asking for it.

Steve stayed quiet, refusing to answer, but stopped his stroking, knowing he would cum if he continued and unable to refuse Billy's instruction.

Billy yanked harder at Steve's hair

"Say it!"

This time Steve just couldn't resist the command in Billy's tone, and honestly he was starting to realise he didn't want to.

"I'm.. I'm a cockslut Billy. I just want is to be fucked like a whore. Please I need... I just need to cum so bad..."

Billy smirked at Steve's admission

"Then cum baby. What stopping you."

*"Asshole"*

Steve quickly resumed stroking, focusing on the feel of Billy's hand in his hair and the heat radiating of his body. His orgasm came on suddenly, shocking his system and he would have collapsed if not for the strong hand which had suddenly appeared on his hip.

Steve opened his eyes to see a smug Billy looking down at him.

"Not bad Harrington, but a little more showmanship next time."

Billy winked before releasing his hold on Steve. Steve's legs gave out and he collapsed onto the floor as Billy turned and walked out of the locker. Leaving the teen a mess and covered in his own cum.

Steve sat there watching the retreating figure of Billy Hargrove feeling confused and angry.

*"What the actual fuck! Fucking Hargrove. Never again. Fucking never. This won't ever fucking happen again. I'm gonna forget about it and ignore the goddamn son of a bitch. Let's see how he likes it. Fucking asshole"*

Steve sat there for some time, ranting internally, before he realised he was late to pick up Dustin.

*"Great now he's messing with one of the few good thing left in my life. Fucking Hargraves. Stupid asshole"*

Steve got up and quickly showered before running out of the school to his waiting car.

Steve was so angry and flustered he didn't noticed the blonde sitting and watching him from his Camaro.